

Asher Sizemore AND Little Jimmie's

HEARTH & HOME SONGS



MOUNTAIN BALLADS... OLD HYMNS
CHILDREN'S SONGS... COWBOY SONGS





Robert Walker
and I



That Silver Haired Mother

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE
& HAMPTON FOX

Moderato



1. It was dawn and the bright morn-ing sun-shine, — Spread it's rays o'er a lone bed-room floor; —
2. Oh the sun shone so bright o'er the val-ley, — And all na-ture seemed bless'd by it's ray; —



— When an an-gel came down from the heav-ens, — Just to wait by our old cot-tage door. —
— When God sent an an-gel from heav-en, — Just to take our dear lov'd one a-way. —

CHORUS



Just to wait for our dear old moth-er, — Who was cross-ing life's storm-y main; —



— To bear her safe-ly to heav-en, From this old world of sor-row and pain: —



— Oh I pray'd that my God might have spared her, — And would grant me the pow-er and time —



— To a-mend the dear heart I have bro-ken — Of that sil-ver haired moth-er of mine. —

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I'll Build My Castle in Heaven

Words by
EDWARD C. PERRY



Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE

Some build their Cas-tles in Ire - land, Some build their Cas-tles in
Earth - ly treas - ures I know are won - der - ful, Beau - ti - ful I must con -

Spain — But I'll build my Cas - tle in Heav - en Where there's sun - shine and no
fess, — But when you pass to e - ter - nal You must have peace and

rain; — Where ev - 'ry one loves each oth - er, And lends a help - ing
rest; — So o - pen your heart to Je - sus, And be a friend to

hand — I'll build my Cas - tle in Heav - en, And not of stone and sand. —
man, — Build your Cas - tle in Heav - en, And not of stone and sand. —

CHORUS



I'll build my Cas-tle in Heav-en 'Way up there in the blue,___ And the



door will al-ways be o - pen, To you, my friends, to you;___ Oh



there we'll al-ways be hap - py, No sor - row lin - gers there,___ There's



on - ly a one - way tick - et, And that's your tick-et of prayer.---

The Royal Telephone

Words and Music by
F. M. LEHMAN
Har. by Claudia F. Lehman

1. Cen-tral's nev-er bus-y Al-ways on the line, You may hear from
2. There will be no charg-es Tel-e- phone is free, It was built for
3. Fail to get the an-swer, Sa-tan's cross'd your wire, By some strong de-
4. If your line is ground-ed, And con-nec-tion true, Has been lost with

heav-en, Al-most an-y time. 'Tis a roy-al ser-vice
ser-vice, Just for you and me. There will be no wait-ing
lu-sion, Or some base de-sire. Take a-way ob-struc-tion
Je-sus, Tell you what to do. Pray'r and Faith and Prom-ise

Free for one and all, When you get in trou-ble, Give this roy-al line a call.
On this roy-al line, Tel-e- phone to glo-ry, Al-ways an-swers just in time.
God is on the throne, And you'll get the an-swer, Thru' this Roy-al tel-e- phone.
Mend the bro-ken wire, Till your soul is burn-ing, With the Pen-te-cost-al fire.

CHO. Tel-e- phone to glo-ry, Oh what joy di-vine I can feel the cur-rent

Mov-ing on the line; Built by God the Fa-ther For his lov'd and own

We may talk to Je-sus Thru the roy-al tel-e- phone.

"Songs That Will Live Forever"

ASHER and LITTLE JIMMIE'S

— 1935 EDITION —

"HEARTH and HOME SONGS"

CONTENTS

A Dream of a Miner's Child.....	16	Little Jimmie's Good-Night Prayer.....	48
Beautiful Beckoning Hands.....	45	Memories of Old Kentucky.....	6
Blue Eyes	22	My Humble Cottage Home.....	31
Buffalo Gals	18	My Little Black Dog.....	16
Cowboy Jack	29	My Old Coon Dog.....	9
Free from the Walls of Gray.....	15	New Birmingham Jail	19
Gathering Buds	42	Row Me Over the Tide.....	32
Hold Fast to the Right.....	37	Shake Hands With Mother Again.....	43
Home On the Range.....	23	Somewhere, Somebody's Waiting.....	10
How Beautiful Heaven Must Be.....	47	That Tumbled Down Cabin.....	17
I Could Not Call Her Mother.....	9	The Boogger Bear	7
I Dreamed I Searched Heaven for You.....	39	The Cowboy's Dream	25
I Heard My Mother Call My Name.....	40	The Dying Cowboy	28
I Love Little Willie.....	14	The Engineer's Child	21
I Only Want a Buddy.....	8	The Forgotten Soldier Boy.....	20
I Ride an Old Paint.....	26	The Hard Working Miner.....	34
I Want to Do Something for Jesus.....	42	The Lily of the Valley.....	33
If You Love Your Mother.....	38	The Miner's Life	12
I'm On the Sunny Side of Life.....	35	The White Rose	22
Jesus Bids Us Shine.....	45	Three Little Kittens	30
Jesus Loves Me.....	41	Travel Life's Path With a Smile.....	44
Jesus Will Miss You.....	46	Two Little Orphans	14
Let's Both Say We're Sorry.....	13	When the Mountain Laurels Bloom.....	11
Little Cowboy Jim.....	24	Where We'll Never Grow Old.....	36
Little Feet Be Careful.....	30	Wildwood Flower	19
Little Joe the Wrangler.....	27	You Can't Do Wrong and Get By.....	41

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ASHER SIZEMORE

P. O. BOX 868

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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Printed in U. S. A.

Out of the Silence with "Asher and Little Jimmie"

By Rev. Thos. B. Ashley

The Uplands have always had a message for those who have ears to hear. They speak of mystery, of sorrow and sometimes of loneliness, but always with an interpreter. Well might we remember that the Appalachian Range, in the shadows of which we move, is among the oldest regions, with traditions and customs of an honored and revered ancestry. Their clanish, factional, feudal and fatal views of life, have come under the grind for a living and combat with natural forces, which for 150 years have bent the backs of our Kentucky Mountain Folk . . . What we need and all we ask is "a chance." Develop the "mountain youth" to a point of productive energy, he will win his contests in athletics, business and the like, producing great teachers, doctors, preachers and professional men and women in all walks of life.—An intense individualism and family loyalty to inherited traditions and ideals, make our natives comparatively slow in yielding to progressive movements which involve personal habits and customs. Therefore the demand for a trained, skilled and honest Christian leadership.

These great truths flowed in upon the soul of my choice friend "Asher Sizemore" during those brimming days of silence while he plied the withe to the backs of the ox-team, and wielded the hoe and the broad-ax, amid the solitude of a mountain wilderness. This intimate contact with Nature, sent deep its influence into the life of this "mountain youth."

It was here I met Mr. Sizemore in the heart of Pike County with its 789 square miles of mountain picturesqueness, with society in the process of transition so rapid in places as to leave one breathless at times. It was on a Good Friday night, at the altar of a beautiful Community Church, the sacred shrine of the worshippers of twelve different Denominations, that I laid my arm about the shoulders of this fine youth, who was bowing in humble submission to the Will of God, and pronounced the blessings of the Church upon him. At the time he was engaged in the Accounting Department of a large Coal Company and I was its Religious Educational Director. I am sure you need no words now, to explain why I'm writing these few lines.

Sometime, somewhere in the poetic nature of this "mountain youth" was born the seed of song. Often it must have come to the verge of its unfolding. One day, we know not when, but it was a blessed day, a mighty inspiration smote his soul, and "out of the silence" the seed burst into blossom, and "Asher" gave the world his lyrical trust. A lyric which has been sung and played into the hearts of countless thousands and will continue until its music melts away and blends with the harmonies of another world.

As we pause for calm reflection upon our mutual good fortunes, around the threshold of the Second Anniversary of the publishing of their book of "Old Fashioned Hymns and Mountain Ballads," many are asking, "why the secret of their seeming unaccountable success?" I think it can easily be explained in this manner. "Asher and Little Jimmie" sing only, the "music of the heart," which the majority of folk, these trying days, long for. We do not need excitement or sensational pleasure, but help and comfort. Those whose pink and purple of life's sunset are meeting and mingling with the golden glow of Eternity's morning, as well as the sick and the sorrowing, are affectionately remembered with songs of mother, love, home and heaven. But, more than their selections is "Little Jimmie" himself. Surely he's a gift from God. He possesses exceptional endowments. His influence seems to call out life from every life that touches his. A man in middle-life said to me recently, with tears on his face, as "Little Jimmie" and his Dad were reviewing at the Studio, preceding their broadcast, "I would give two worlds like this, if I had them to give, if I had a precious boy like that." The old and the young, the learned and the unlearned, have been taught again, how to pray, as Little Jimmie bows his head at the microphone, leading thousands of children in front of their own radios, in chanting his good-night, prayer-song. It's the "music of the heart, from the heart of the child" and can never die of its stainless purity.



"THE SIZEMORE FAMILY"

Mother, Dad, Buddy, Nancy Louise and Little Jimmie



Little Jimmie and Buddy Boy



LITTLE JIMMIE
Age Six Months

Yes, Little Jimmie is a dear sweet boy, living each day the life of a perfectly normal, healthy, "regular boy." His childish imagination carries him far into the world of "make-believe" in which he plays the parts of policeman, cowboy,



LITTLE JIMMIE
Age Two Years

LITTLE JIMMIE

"A good start is half the battle." An age-long saying, but not out of date and nowhere more true than in a child's education. The proverbial three R's are still essential, but wise teachers and parents of today require that life shall mean to their children, a valid, creative and satisfying experience, by building attitudes and abilities toward successful living.

"Child Psychology" is only a branch of general psychology. This study is confined, therefore, to a careful observation of the child. Its purposes are primarily to discover the child's interests, his strength and endurance; choosing subjects which appeal to the child's development. To this delicate task, a devoted father is lending his personal supervision, determined that the very best that can be given, is none too good for Little Jimmie.

aviator, and often teacher as he instructs his little brother, Buddy, who is three years younger. He is very proud of Buddy and unselfishly shares his all with him. Toward his playmates and pets he displays the same kind consideration and generosity.

Little Jimmie is encouraged to be independent. He is required to wash and dress himself, and on many occasions he is Buddy's first assistant when brother's little fingers can't locate all the buttons. The boys have their own little office with its desk, chairs, toy telephones and writing equipment, and they are held responsible for its care.

Little Jimmie enjoys his visits to children's homes and hospitals. He is always happy when he thinks he has helped to bring sunshine to somebody else. The brightest spot of his entire day is the fifteen minutes he spends before the microphone. He knows there are countless thousands out there waiting to hear his little songs. This is an inspiration to the little fellow and it is reflected in his songs and childish sayings on the air.



LITTLE JIMMIE
Age One Year



LITTLE JIMMIE
Age Three Years

The consciousness of this vast radio audience does not alter the childish simplicity and he always remains the same sweet Little Jimmie to all who know him. Thus, it is easy to understand why he receives thousands of letters from all parts of the United States and Canada, in which the feelings of his audience are summed up in such typical expressions as these:

"You have brought lots of cheer to our home," "We thank our Savior each night for you," "I am 78 years of age and would not miss your programme," "I listen to you each evening from my room at the Hospital, and it makes me forget that I am sick," "Surely it is the ministry of an Angel."

It is not difficult to understand, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."



LITTLE JIMMIE
Age Four, with tiny Brother "Buddy"



LITTLE JIMMIE
Age Five Years

Memories of Old Kentucky

Words by
CHAS. M. De WITT

Music by
ASHUR SIZEMORE

Moderato

1. Back to the scenes of my child-hood In dreams I go back ev-'ry day.
2. There'll ev-er be just a mem-ry Of all that you were once to me.

Back 'to the hills of Ken-tuck-y, Oh why did I wan-der a-way
Those dear old hills of Ken-tuck-y, The place I am long-ing to be.

Mem-ries of child-hood still haunt me. And tears to my eyes oft-en bring When in
Moth-er in heav-en is wait-ing, And guid-ing me al-ways I know And some

vis-ions I see my dear moth-er. Come hear me while I sing.
day she will lead to the moun-tains There's where I'm long-ing to go.

CHORUS
Way down in old Ken-tuck-y. The skies are nev-er gray, And ev-'ry breeze that sweeps thru the

trees blows your cares a-way The sun is al-ways shin-ing And birds sing all the

day Where you never pine if the moon doesn't shine, Old Ken-tuck-y, I love you to-day. Way day.

The Boogger Bear

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE & LASSES WHITE

7

Moderato

1. You've heard a-bout the lit - tle pigs, And the big old shag-gy
2. My dad says lions are not so bad and el - ephants are

wolf, The old wolf scared the lit-tle pigs, with his woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, But there's one an-i-mal from the ark that
tame, The kan-ger-roos, the monkeys too, and oth-ers he can name, He says of all the an-i-mals that

gives me a big-ger scare, He catch-es lit - tle boys that's bad, And I mean the boog-ger bear.
runs wild in the woods, There's none as mean as the "boog-ger bear" to boys that won't be good.

Interlude

3. So I'm going to be a good lit - tle boy, And you'd bet-ter be good

too, I'm a - fraid of that boog-ger bear, he's mean I'm tell - in' you. But when I get to

be a man, a hun-ter I will be, I'm goin' to kill that boog-ger bear, so he can't scare boys like me.

Chords: F, F, Dim., F, Bb, F, F, G7, C7, F, Bb, C7, C7, F, Dim., F, Bb, C7, C7, F, Bb, F, C7, C7, F

I Only Want A Buddy - Not A Sweetheart

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE
& EDDIE JONES

What is ro-mance, but tak-ing a chance

gambling with mis-er - y, I was a fool but just like in school I learn'd my

CHO. les-son you see I on-ly want a bud-dy not a sweet - heart, Bud-dies never make you

blue Sweet-hearts make vows and they're brok - en, Brok-en like their hearts are broken too,

Don't tell me that you love me say you like me, No lovers quarr'ls no bun-ga-lows for two, Don't

turn down lovers lane, Just keep right on a say'n, I on-ly want a buddy not a gal. I gal.

Chords: D, C7, F, G7, C, B, F, D, G7, C7, A7, D, G7, C7, F, F

I Could Not Call Her Mother

9

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

G D7 G

1. The mar-riage right is o - ver And oh I turned a - side To keep the guests from
 2. She was a fair young crea-ture With meek and gen-tle air With blue eyes soft and
 3. Last night I heard her sing-ing A song I used to love When its sweet notes were
 4. My fa - ther's in the sun-shine Of a hap-pier days to come May have for got the

D7 G C G

see - ing The tears I could not hide I wreathed my face in smil-ing I led my
 love - ly With silk and sun - ny hair I know my fa - ther gives her The love he
 ut - tered By her who sings a - bove It pained my heart to hear it The tears I
 sha - dow That dark-ened our dear home His heart no more is lone - ly But I and

C G D7 G

lit - tle broth-er To meet my fa - thers chos-en But I could not call her mo-ther
 gave an oth - er But if she was an an - gel I could not call her mo-ther
 could not smother For ev - 'ry note was ut - tered By the voice of my dear mo-ther
 lit - tle broth-er Must still be or - phan chil-dren God gives us but one mo-ther

My Old Coon Dog

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

C G

1. Once I had an old coon dog As blind as he could be But ev - 'ry night at
 2. Some-body stole my old coon dog I wish they'd bring him back To run the big hogs
 3. Pos - sum up a sim-mon tree A rac-coon on the ground The rac-coon said you
 4. Watch that mule go a - round the hill Watch him how he sails Watch him how he shakes

C C

sup - per time I believe that dog could see. Whoa Mule I tell you
 o'er the fence The little ones thru the crack. Whoa Mule I tell you
 son - of - a - gun Shake them sim-mons down. Whoa Mule I tell you
 his ears And how he shakes his tail. Whoa Mule I tell you

G C

Whoa Mule I say Tie a knot in that mule's ta - il. And he'll run a - way.
 Whoa Mule I say Tie a knot in that mule's ta - il. And he'll run a - way.
 Whoa Mule I say Tie a knot in that mule's ta - il. And he'll run a - way.
 Whoa Mule I say Tie a knot in that mule's ta - il. And he'll run a - way.

Somewhere, Somebody's Waiting For You

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

C F C

1. In a cool shad-y nook, by the side of a brook, Two fair maid-ens were fish-ing one day, They
2. Then a youth pass-ing by, heard the maid-ens re - ply, And he joined in their chat half in fun, He

F C F C D7 G7

talk'd as they fished and the young-er girl wished, For a sweet-heart she nev - er had known; The
said "It is true" Some-one's wait-ing for you, And I wish that I might be that one; She

C F C

oth - er girl said, with a toss of her head, Cheer up you have no cause to be blue. The
paused for a while, then she said with a smile, Yes, you may be that one it is true. But

F C F C D7 G7

time is not yet for I love you my pet. And there's some-bod - y wait-ing for you.
if you are wrong, now you won't wor-ry long, For there's some-bod - y wait-ing for you.

CHORUS

C F C F

Some - where, some-bod-y's wait-ing for you, you, you, Some - where,

C D7 G7 C

some-bod-y's wait-ing whose smile is true; Some - time, you'll love somebod-y who'll

F C F C G7 C

love you too, Some - where, some-bod-y's wait-ing for you, you, you.

When the Mountain Laurels Bloom

Words and Music by
A.L.GREYNOLDS & A.C.DURHAM

11

1. When it's spring - time down in old Ken - tuck - y. And the birds sing sweet - ly all the
2. Oh I thought I'd leave and soon for - get her So I got on 'board a West bound

day. Then I long for my sweetheart of the moun - tains, Oh, why did I ev - er go a -
train. And I trav - el'd far out ov - er the prair - ies, Still my love for her re - main'd the

way. Where the sil - v'ry moon is al - ways shin - ing, I
same, I could not for - get her sweet car - ess - ing, And

know I'll be re - turn - ing soon, For she prom - ised we would wed in the
hap - py days we spent in June, So I'll go back to my Queen of the

spring - time, She'll be mine when the mountain lau - rels bloom. Now it seems I can see her blue eyes
Moun - tains, She'll be mine when the mountain lau - rels bloom.

shin - ing, And she's smil - ing 'neath that old Ken - tuck - y moon, In the springtime my heart for her is

pin - ing, That's the time when the mountain lau - rels bloom. Now it. bloom.

The Miner's Life

By PEARL STEWART

Moderato

1. Won't you stop and think a mo - ment. Of a poor old min - er's
 2. When we see them them home - ward com - ing. With a sweet smile on their
 3. For the min - ers we will of - fer. Our most ten - der heart - felt

life, Won't you show a lit - tle kind - ness, To his bab - ies
 face, There'll be such a hap - py meet - ing, 'Round the co - zy
 prayers, Won't you watch them prec - ious Je - sus, In the mines and

and his wife. When they leave with din - ner buck - ets, At the
 fire place. But it some - times ends in sor - row, And the
 ev - ery - where. Won't you guide them while they're work - ing, Then oh

dawn - ing of each day. They are think - ing of their dan - ger,
 dear ones shed sad tears. For the poor old work - ing min - ers,
 guide them day and night. If it be Thy will to take them,

— In the mines while on their way. Won't you way.
 — Lives are full of dread and fear. When we fear.
 — Take them home where all is bright. For the bright.

Let's Both Say We're Sorry

13

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE
& CLIFF SLIDER

Valse moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Valse moderato'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano part features a mix of chords and arpeggiated figures. The vocal melody is simple and sentimental, with lyrics that express a bittersweet love story. The score includes several systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. Chords are indicated by letters (G, D7, C, C Min., B7, E Mi., A7, F#, B, C, G, D7, A7, D7, G, C, G, D7, B7, E Mi., C7, C, G D+D Mi., E7, A7, D7, C Mi6, G, D7, F#, 2 G, C, C Mi.6, G) and are placed above the piano part. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The song concludes with a final piano chord and a double bar line.

Sweet-heart you know I love you, Love you with all my heart Somehow we can't a-
gree, dear. I guess it's best we part; So Let's both say we're sor - ry Be-
fore we say "Good-bye." Let me see you smile dear. For there's no use to
cry, We just can't be hap - py. No mat - ter how we try Sc
lets both say we're sor - ry Be - fore we say good-bye. So bye.

Two Little Orphans

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

Two Little Orphans

1. Two lit - tle chil - dren a boy and a girl,
 2. Ma - ma's in heav - en they took her a - way,
 3. Pa - pa was lost out on sea long a - go.

Sat by the old church door, The
 Left Jim and I all a lone. We
 We wait - ed all night on the shore. For

lit - tle girls feet were as brown as a curl, That
 came here to stay till the close of the day, For we
 he was a life-sav-ing Cap-tain, you know, But he

fell on the dress that she wore, The
 have no Ma - ma, no home, We
 nev - er came back an - y more, Then

boys coat was fad - ed and hat-less his head, A
 can't earn our bread we're to lit - tle she said, Jim
 ma - ma got sick, an - gels took her a - way, They

tear shown in each lit - tle eye, Why
 five and I on - ly sev - en, There's
 said to a home fair and bright She

don't you run home to your ma-ma I said, And
 no one to love us since pa-pa is gone, And our
 said she would come for her dar-lings some time, Per -

this was the maid-en's re- ply, Why
 darling ma-ma is in heav - en, There's
 haps she is com-ing to - night.

I Love Little Willie

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

I Love Little Willie

1. I love lit - tle Wil - lie, I do Ma-ma. I love lit - tle Wil - lie, ha, ha, ha, ha, I
 2. He ask me to mar - ry, he did Ma-ma. He ask me to mar - ry, ha, ha, ha, ha, He
 3. He's gone for the Preach-er, he has Ma-ma. He's gone for the Preach-er, ha, ha, ha, ha, He's
 4. And now we are mar-ried, we are Ma-ma. And now we are mar-ried, ha, ha, ha, ha, And

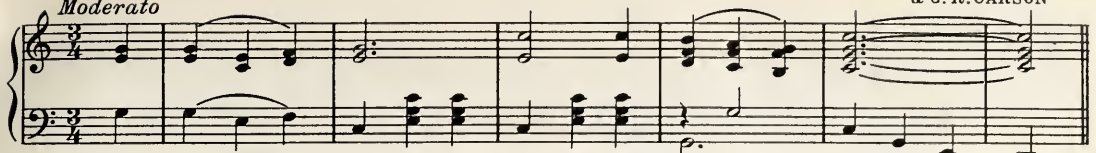
love lit - tle Wil-lie, But don't you tell Pa, For he won't like it you know.
 ask'd me to mar-ry, But don't you tell Pa, For he won't like it you know.
 gone for the Preacher, But don't you tell Pa, For he won't like it you know.
 now we are married, So you can tell Pa, For he can't help it you know.

Free from the Walls of Grey

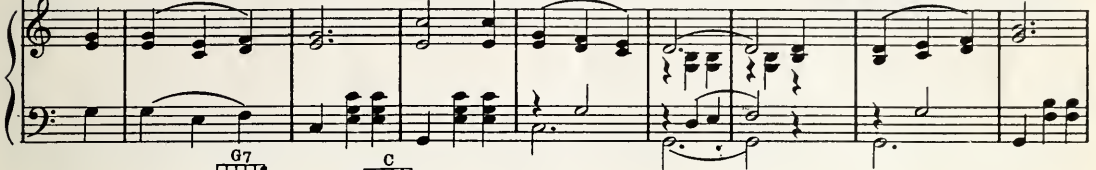
15

By ASHER SIZEMORE
& G. R. CARSON

Moderato



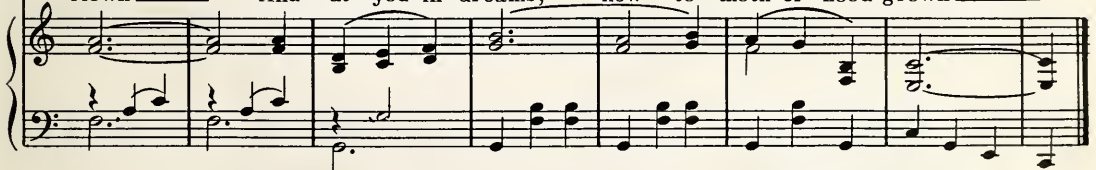
1. For all these long years, Babe, I've suf-fered in jail _____ Watch-ing each day
2. They tell me your mar-ried, and rais-ing a son _____ Whom I trust will ne'er suf-
3. I hope you are hap-py with nev-er a care _____ And some-times I wish,



for that eve-ning mail _____ You said you'd be true, babe, and some day we'd
fer for what oth-ers have done _____ I'm writ-ing this let-ter with a heart that is
Babe, that I too were there _____ I'm still look-ing back thru the years that have



wed _____ And now that I'm free a-gain I wish I was dead _____
dead _____ And trust-ing each line will with rev-erence be read _____
flown _____ And at you in dreams, now to moth-er-hood grown _____



4. For the crime of another
I've suffered too well,
But I've kept my word, Babe,
That I'd never tell.
The one who was guilty
Will soon have to pay,
At the judging of souls,
On the great judgment day.

5. There are scores now in prison,
Who are serving out time.
Each doing his stretch
For another one's crime.
No thought of revenge, Babe,
Now enters my mind,
I hope that your loved ones,
To you will be kind.

6. There's no place now that
I could call home.
So on to the west, Babe,
I sadly must roam.
There's another to think of
In heaven I know,
It's my mother, God bless her,
Who prayed for me so.

7. With God's help I'll meet her
Some day over there
I wish I were now, Babe,
But my troubles I'll bear
I've aged and I've suffered,
Behind walls of Grey,
For twenty-one years, Babe,
Is some debt to pay.

A Dream of the Miner's Child

1. A min - er was leav - ing his home for his work. He heard his lit - tle child scream. He
 2. I dream'd that the mines were all streaming with fire. The men all fought for their lives. Just
 3. Go down to the vil - lage and tell all your friends. As sure as the bright stars shine. There's

went to the side of the lit - tle girls bed, Oh Dad - dy I've had such a dream. Oh,
 then the steam chang'd and the mouth of the mines, Was cov - ered with sweet - hearts and wives. Oh,
 some - thing that's go - ing to hap - pen to - day, Oh Dad - dy don't go to the mine. Oh,

CHORUS
 Dad - dy don't work in the mines to - day For dreams have so of - ten come true. Oh

Dad - dy my Dad - dy please don't go a - way I nev - er could live with - out you.

My Little Black Dog

1. Oh where, oh where has my lit - tle dog gone, Oh where, oh where can he be? With his
 2. Some - bod - y find my lit - tle black dog. Oh please, oh please bring him back. For he

ears cut long and his tail cut short, Oh where, oh where can he be.
 runs the big hogs ov - er the fence, The little ones through the crack.

That Tumbled Down Cabin

17

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE
& CHAS. M. DEWITT

Moderato

1. Back in the dear old moun-tains, There's a tumbled down cab-in I know, Where my
2. And now I'm on-ly a ram-bler, I've been a-round most ev-ry- where I can
3. I was so tired then of roam-ing, I tho't I'd go home to my Dad, And re-

dear old Mo-ther and Dad-dy, Fond-led a babe long a go; Each
see my Mo-ther and Dad-dy, With snow-flakes caught in their hair; One
pay the heart-aches and sor-rows, Dad-dy was all that I had; But

night they would sit by the lamp-light, And Mo-ther would sing songs to me, While
day there came a mes-sage, My Mo-ther had gone on be- fore, I
when I walked up to the cab-in, cab-in, Things were not then as be- fore, I

Dad-dy would whis-per to Mo-ther The things they would like me to be.
could not go home now to see her And creep on the old cab-in door.
cried a-loud my dear old Dad-dy, There's crepe on the old cab-in door.

CHORUS

My dear old cab-in home You're all turn-bled down and a-lone, There's a

tear in my eye, for the days gone by. You're still my old Cab-in Home.

Buffalo Gals

F C7 F

1. As I was walk-ing down the street, down the street, down the street, A
 2. I asked her if she'd stop and talk, stop and talk, stop and talk, Her
 3. I asked her if she'd be my wife, be my wife, be my wife, Then

C7 F

pret - ty girl I chanced to meet Un - der the silv -'ry moon.
 feet cov-ered up the whole side walk, She was fair to view.
 I'd be hap - py all my life, If she'd mar - ry me.

CHORUS F C7 F

Buf-fa-lo gals won't you come out to-night, come out to-night, come out to-night,

C7 1 F 2 F

Buf-fa-lo gals won't you come out to-night and dance by the light of the moon. moon.

Wildwood Flower

19

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

1. Oh I'll twine with my ming - les and wav - ing black hair. With the ros - es so
 2. I will dance, I will sing and my laugh shall be gay, I will charm ev - 'ry
 3. O he taught me to love him and prom - ised to love, And to cher - ish me
 4. O he taught me to love him and called me his flow'r, That was bloom - ing to

red and the lil - ies so fair. And the myr - tle so bright with the
 heart, in his crown I will sway; When I woke from my dream - ing, my
 ov - er all oth - ers a - bove; How my heart is now yearn - ing, no
 cheer him, thro' life's drear - y hour; O how I long to see him and

em - 'rald — dew. The pale and the lead - er with eyes look like blue.
 i - dols were clay, All por - tions of love had all flown a - way.
 mis - 'ry can tell, He left me no warn - ing, no words of fare - well.
 regret the dark hour, He's gone and neg - lect - ed this pale wild - wood flow'r.

New Birmingham Jail

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

1. On Mon - day I was ar - rest - ed, On Tues - day I was tried. On
 2. Now I'm bound all down in pri - son, Bound down 'in the Birming - ham jail; Bound
 3. O darling now please don't you wor - ry, Dear Mo - ther don't you weak; Don't
 4. O darling go write me a let - ter, And send it to me by mail; Just
 5. No one to tell me stor - ies, No one to tell me tales; No

Wednes - day I made a guil - ty con - fess - ion, Hung down my head and cried.
 down be - hind these pris - on walls, No one to go my bail.
 wor - ry or weep for your wan - der - ing boy, For nothing goes hard with me.
 send it to the cell of Jim - mie poor boy, Bound down in the Birming - ham jail.
 one to clasp me in their arms, While I'm bound in the Birming - ham jail.

The Forgotten Soldier Boy

Words and Music by
BERT LAYNE

System 1:

1. I'm just a poor ex-sol-dier, That's brok-en down and blue.
 2. I saw my bud-dies dy-ing, And some shell-shocked and torn,
 3. They prom-ised gold and sil-ver, And bid us all a dieu,
 4. They call us wand-ring Vag-a-bonds, Asking for shel-ter and bread,

System 2:

— I fought out in the great world war, For the old red white and blue.
 — Al-though we nev-er falt-ered, At the bat-tle of the Marne;
 — They said they'd wel-come us back home, When the terri-ble war was through;
 — Al-though we fought in no-man's land, And ma-ny a poor boy is dead;

System 3:

— I left my par-ents and the girl I loved, To France then I did go.
 — Then we were told when we left our homes, We'd be he- roes of the land,
 — We fought un-til the war was o'er, They said we won the fight,
 — So lis-ten to my sto-ry And lend a help-ing hand,

System 4:

— And fought out on the bat-tle-field. Thro' hun-ger sleet and snow.
 — Tho' we came back and found no one, Would lend a help-ing hand.
 — But we have no job nor mon-ey, No place to sleep at night.
 — To the poor for-got-ten Sol-dier Boy, Who fought to save our land.

The Engineers Child

21

A. M. & C.

Mrs. ALTA M^cCLURE

1. A lit-tle child on a sick bed lay, And death was ver-y near She
2. In a lit-tle house by the rail-road side, A mother with watch ful eye Saw a

was the pride and on-ly child, Of a rail-road en-gi-neer, His
gleam of hope and a fee-ble smile, As the train went rush-ing by, Just

du-ty call'd him from those he loved, And see-ing that hope was dim, While a
one short look was his on-ly chance, To see the light a- gleam, In the

tear he shed to his wife he said, Just have two lan-terns dimm'd.
mid-night air there a- rose a pray'r, Thank God! the light was green.

CHORUS

Just hang a light as I pass to- night, And hang it where it can be seen, If our

ba- by's dead just show the red, If she's bet-ter, then show the green!

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each with a treble and bass staff. Chords are indicated by letters (D, G, A7, E7) and fingerings (7, 7, 7, 7). The lyrics are written below the notes, with two verses for the first system. The chorus is marked 'CHORUS' and includes a final line. The score ends with a double bar line.

Blue Eyes

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

F C7 F

1. The sum-mer sun was sink-ing low. The gold - en sun-beams kiss'd the sea, 'Twas
 2. The last we met was on the street, I bowed my head but could not speak; An-
 3. But now that one from me is free, Blue eyes and an - gels await for me; For

F C7 F

then I cried for those blue eyes. But strang-ers they have grown to be.
 oth er one was by my side, Who thought I soon would be his bride.
 far be-neath the Churchyard clay, They've laid those dear blue eyes a - way.

CHORUS Bb F Bb F

These blue eyes I love so well. These blue eyes I long to see, Long

F C7 F

have I sigh'd for those blue eyes. But strang-ers they have grown to be.

The White Rose

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

G C D7 G

1. They say it is sin - ful to flirt _____ Oh they tell me my heart's made of stone, _____
 2. I re - mem-ber one night when he said, _____ That he loved me far more than his life; _____
 3. Oh Wil - lie I said with a sigh, _____ I'm a - fraid I will have to say no; _____
 4. Oh darl-ing he said with a sigh, _____ I'm a - fraid that your hearts made of stone; _____
 5. Next morning poor Wil - lie was found, _____ He was drown'd in the pond by the mill; _____
 6. His blue eyes for - ev - er were closed, _____ And damp were his gold - en curls fair; _____

G C D7 G

_____ They tell me to speak to him kindly, _____ Or else leave the poor boy a - lone. _____
 _____ Then he called me his darl-ing pet, _____ And he asked me to be his dear wife. _____
 _____ For Pa - pa and Mama is not willing, _____ Good - bye then he said I must go. _____
 _____ Then he took the white rose from my hair, _____ And left me all standing a - lone. _____
 _____ In the clear sparkling wa-ters which flowed, _____ He lay 'round near the brink of the hill. _____
 _____ And close to his pale lips he held, _____ The white rose he took from my hair. _____

Home On The Range.

Moderately

COWBOY SONG

1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
 2. How oft - en at night where the heav - en's are bright, With the
 3. Oh, give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand, Flows the
 4. Where the air is so pure, the zeph - yrs so free, The breez -
 5. Oh, I love those wild flow'rs in this dear land of ours, The cur -

deer and the an - te - lope play. — Where sel - dom is heard a dis -
 lights from the glit - ter - ing stars. — Have I stood there a - mazed and —
 sure - ly down the — stream; — Where the grace - ful, white swan goes
 es so balm - y and light, — That I would not ex - change my
 lew I love to hear scream, — And I love the white rocks and the

cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —
 asked as I gazed, If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. —
 glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream. —
 home on the range, For — all of the cit - ies so bright. —
 an - te - lope flocks, That — graze on the moun - tain - tops green. —

CHORUS
 Home, home on the range, — Where the deer and the an - te - lope play. — Where

sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —

Little Cowboy Jim

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE
& M. N. GOSNEY

Moderato

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

1. I'm goin' to be a cow-boy — When I get big like my dad — I'll
 2. I'll ride an old buck jump-er — Oh boy! What fun it will be — And
 3. I'll check the stam-pede cat-tle — I'll learn to twirl the twine — I'll
 4. I'll be a sport-ing cow-boy — The best on the ranch that's found — I'll

Piano accompaniment for the first verse, continuing the melody and bass line from the introduction.

be a bron-co bus-ter — And ride o'er the plains like mad. —
 no old time cow punch-er — Will have an-y - thing on me. —
 court the ranch-man's daughter — And take her out to dine. —
 make the girls all diz-zy — When I gal-lop in - to town. —

Piano accompaniment for the second verse, continuing the melody and bass line.

CHORUS

Oh give me a life in the sad-dle — Out on the west-ern plains — I'll

Piano accompaniment for the chorus, continuing the melody and bass line.

be as game a cow-boy — As ev-er pulled the reins. — Oh reins. —

Piano accompaniment for the end of the chorus, concluding the piece with a final chord.

The Cowboy's Dream

25

F **Bb** **C7** **aug.**

1. Last night as I lay on the prai-rie, And looked at the stars in the
 2. I won-der if ev-er a cow-boy Stood rea-dy for that Judg-ment
 3. I know there's man y a stray cow-boy Wholl be lost at the great fin-al
 4. And I'm scared I'll be a stray year-ling A mav-er-ick brand-ed on
 5. They say he will nev-er for-get you, That he knows ev-ry ac-tion and

F **F** **Bb**

sky, I won-dered if ev-er a cow-boy Would
 day, and could say to the boss of the rid-ers I'm
 sale; when he might have gone in the green pas-tures, Had he
 high; and get cut in the bunch with the rust-ies, When he
 look; so for safe-ty you'd bet-ter get brand-ed, Have your

C7 **F** **C7** **F**

drift to that sweet by and by, The road to that bright hap-py re-gions
 rea-dy come drive me a-way, They say there will be a great round-up
 known of the dim nar-row trail, For they like the cows that are lo-coed
 boss of the rid-ers goes by, For they tell of an-oth-er big ow-ner
 name in the great tal-ly book.

C7 **F** **F**

Is a dim nar-row trail so they say; But the broad one that
 And cow-boys like dog-gies will stand; To be marked by the
 Stam-pede at the sight of a hand; Ore dragged with a
 Whos ne'er ov-er stocked so they say; But who al-ways makes

Bb **C7** **F**

leads to per-di-tion Is post-ed and blazed all the way.
 Ri-ders of judg-ment who are post-ed and know ev-ry brand
 rope to the round-up or get marked with some crook-ed man's brand
 room for the sin-ner who drifts from the straight nar-row way.

I Ride An Old Paint

Moderately *mf*

1. I ride an old Paint, I lead an old Dan. I'm
 2. Bill Jones had two daugh-ters, Bill Jones had a song. The
 3. Oh, when I die, Take my sad - dle from the wall And

goin' to Mon - tan' Just to throw the hool-i - an, They feed in the cou-lees, They
 one went to Den-ver And the oth - er went wrong, His wife she died in a
 put it on my po - ny; Lead him out of his stall. Tie my bones to his back; Turn our

wa - ter in the draw. Their tails are all mat - ted, Their backs are all raw.
 pool - room fight. And still he keeps sing - ing from morn - ing till night.
 fac - es to the west. And we'll ride the prair - ie that we love the best.

REFRAIN

Ride a - round lit - tle dog - ies, Ride a - round them

slow; For the fier - y and snuf - fy are rar - in' to go.

Little Joe, The Wrangler

27

G C G

1. It's lit-tle Joe, the Wrangler, He will nev-er wran-gle more, His days with the re -
 2. He said he'd try to do the best he could, if we could give him work Though he didn't know straight
 3. Lit-tle Joe the Wrangler was called out with the rest, And scarce-ly had the
 4. At last we got them mill-ing, and kinder quiet-ed down, And the ex - tra guard back

D7 G C G

mu-da they are done, Twas a year a-go last Ap-ril that he joined the out-fit here. A -
 up a - bout a cow, So the boss cut him out a mount and kind-er put him on, For he
 kid got to the herd, When the cat-tle they stam-ped-ed, like hail-storm long they flew, And
 to the camp did go, But one of them was a miss-ing, and we all knew at a glance, Twas our

D7 G G C

lit - tle Tex - as stray and all a - lone: Twas long late in the eve-ning, that he rode up to the
 sort-er liked the lit-tle stray some-how; Wed driv-en to Red Riv-er, the weather had been
 all of us were rid-ing for the lead; Tween the streaks of light-ning we could see a horse a -
 lit-tle Tex - as stray, poor wrangler Joe; Next morning just at Sun-up, we found where Rocket

G D7 G

herd, On a fine, lit - tle old brown pon - y he called chaw. With his bro-gan shoes and
 fine, We were camped down on the south-side in a bend, When a north-er com-menced
 head, Twas the lit - tle Joe the Wrang-ler in the lead, He was rid - ing old 'Blue
 fell, Down in a wash-out twen-ty feet be - low, Be - neath his horse mashed

C G D7 G

o-ver - alls A hard-er look-ing kid, You nev-er in your life had seen be - fore.
 how-ling, we doub-led up our guard, For it took all hands to hold the cat - tle then.
 Rock-et, with his slick-er 'bove his head, Try-ing to check the lead-ers in the
 to a plup, his spurs had wrung the lit - tle Tex - as stray, poor wrangler lead. Joe.

The Dying Cowboy

1. So ear - ly one morn - ing I rode o'er the ranch - es, So
 2. My friends and re - la - tions I'd left in Bos - ton My
 3. Go write me a let - ter to my gray haired mo - ther, Go
 4. Go take me to the grave yard and place the sod o'er me, And

ear - ly one morn - ing I rode o - ver there, I
 par - ents knew not where I had roamed, I
 break the news to my sis - ter so dear, But
 play the dead march - es that car - ry me on, Just


saw a young cow - boy all dressed in white lin - en With
 first went to Tex - as and hired as a ranch - man Got
 there is an oth - er who's as dear as my mo - ther, Who'd
 beat the drum o'er me and play the fife slow - ly, For

coal - black eyes - and wav - ing black hair.
 shot in the bos - om and death is my doom.
 weep if she knew I was dy - ing out here.
 I'm a dead cow - boy and I know I've done wrong.

Cowboy Jack

29

C F G7



1. He was just a lone - ly cow - boy. _____ With a heart so brave and
 2. He joined a band of cow - boys. _____ And tried to for - get her
 3. One night when work was fin - ished. _____ Just at the close of
 4. } Jack left camp next morn - ing, _____ Breath - ing his sweet - hearts
 5. They said as she was dy - ing, _____ She breathed her sweet - hearts

C C F



true, _____ And he learned to love a maid - en, _____ With
 name, _____ But out on the lone - ly prai - rie, _____ She
 day, _____ Some - one said sing a song Jack, _____ 'Twill
 name, _____ I'll go and ask for - give - ness, _____ For I
 name, _____ And asked them with her last breath, _____ To

G7 C C F



eyes of heav - en's blue. _____ They had learned to love each oth - er.
 waits for him the same; _____ Out on the lone - ly prai - rie,
 drive dull care a - way; _____ When Jack be - gan his sing - ing,
 know that I'm to blame; _____ But when he reached the prai - ries,
 tell Jack when he came; _____ You're sweet - heart waits for you Jack,

G7 C C



And had named their wed - ding day, _____ When a quar - rel
 Where the skies are al - ways blue, _____ Your sweet - heart
 His mind it wand - ered back, _____ For he sang
 He found a new made mound, _____ His friends they
 Your sweet - heart waits for you, _____ Out on the

F G7 C



come be - tween them, _____ And Jack he rode a - way. _____
 waits for you Jack, _____ Your sweet - heart waits for you. _____
 of a maid - en, _____ Who wait - ed for her Jack. _____
 sad - ly told him, _____ They laid his loved one down. _____
 lone - ly prai - rie, _____ Where the skies are al - ways blue. _____

Little Feet Be Careful

Mrs. L. M. BATEMAN

AS SUNG BY "LITTLE JIMMIE"

J. H. ROSECRANS

1. I washed my hands this morn - ing, O, ver - y clean and white, And
 2. My eyes are set to watch them, A - bout their work or play, To

lent them both to Je - sus, To work for him till night. Lit - tle feet be care - ful
 keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

Where you take me to, An - y - thing for Je - sus. On - ly let me do.

CHORUS

Three Little Kittens

AS SUNG BY "LITTLE JIMMIE"

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMAN

1. Once three lit - tle kit - tens they lost their mit - tens, And they be - gan to cry. Oh;
 2. The three lit - tle kit - tens they found their mit - tens, And they be - gan to cry. Oh;
 3. The three lit - tle kit - tens put on their mit - tens, And they be - gan to sigh. Oh;

mam - my dear, We sad - ly fear, Our mit - tens we have lost, What, lost your mit - tens, You
 mam - my dear, See here, see here. Our mit - tens we have found. What, found your mit - tens, You
 mam - my dear, We great - ly fear, Our mit - tens we have soiled. What, soiled your mit - tens, You

naugh - ty kit - tens, Then you shall have no pie. Mi - ew, mi - ew, You shall have no pie.
 darl - ing kit - tens, Then you shall have some pie. Mi - ew, mi - ew, You shall have some pie.
 naugh - ty kit - tens, And they be - gan to sigh. Mi - ew, mi - ew, They be - gan to sigh.

My Humble Cottage Home

Words & Music by
W.B. STEVENS

1. In the gal-l'ry of my mind, As I walk a-round I find Pic-tures
 2. Long a-go the home was sold, Then the house and trees grew old, And we
 3. When the bu-sy day is done, And the time of rest be-gun, I can

that re-call the hap-py days gone by; There's a lit-tle cot-tage home, Near the
 chil-dren have all scat-tered far a-way; But a pic-ture I can see, Hap-py
 see a group all seat-ed in their chairs; As my fa-ther said the Word, Then kneels

fields in which I'd roam. And my mo-ther's smile which gave me joy.
 as a group could be, In that hum-ble cot-tage home at play.
 down be-fore the Lord. As he leads the fam-ly in their prayers.

Now my mo-ther's gone to heav-en, And my dear old dad-dy too, And I'll

nev-er have their coun-sels an-y more. But I hope to meet my par-ents, In the

land be-yond the blue, Where all sep-a-ra-tion will be o'er.

Row Me Over the Tide ★

Arr. by H.F.M.

1. Two lit - tle wan - der - ing or - phans one day, Down by the lone riv - er side, -
 2. "We are so poor and so hun - gry and cold, We have no place to a - bide; -
 3. "Ma - ma told poor lit - tle Char - lie one day Je - sus would care for her child; -
 4. Two lit - tle fac - es no more we shall see, Sweet - ly they sleep side by side; -
 5. Je - sus, who died for the rich and the poor, An - swered the lit - tle one's cry; -

Ven - tured at last to the boat - man and plead, "Row us o - ver the tide."
 Our own dear pa - pa and ma - ma are gone, Row us o - ver the tide."
 We have been hun - gry and wait - ing so long, Row us o - ver the tide."
 Je - sus, so full of com - pas - sion and love, Rowed them o - ver the tide.
 Called them to heav - en to sor - row no more, Rowed them o - ver the tide.

REFRAIN

1, 2, 3, "Row us o - ver the tide, _____ Row us o - ver the tide, _____
 4, 5, Rowed them o - ver the tide, _____ Rowed them o - ver the tide, _____
 beau - ti - ful tide, beau - ti - ful tide,

Pa - pa and ma - ma are gone on be - fore, Row us o - ver the tide, _____
 Took them to heav - en with loved ones to dwell, Rowed them o - ver the tide, _____
 beau - ti - ful tide,

★ From an incident in a Southern city during the great yellow fever epidemic.

The Lily of the Valley

33

English Melody

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
 ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r; I have all for Him for - sak - en, and
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

D.S. Lil - y of the Val - ley the

Him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - ble He's my stay,
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, to see His bless - ed face,

He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll. He's the
 Tho' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal, He's the
 Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll, He's the

Hal - le - lu - jah,

The Hard Working Miner

Arr. by ASHER SIZEMORE

1. The hard work - ing min - ers, their dan - gers are great, And
 2. He leaves his com - pan - ions, and lit - tle ones too, To
 3. God be with the min - er, pro - tect him from harm, And

man - y while work - ing have met their sad fate, They're do - ing their du - ty as
 earn them a liv - ing as all min - ers do, And while he was work - ing for
 shield him from dan - ger with thy dear strong arm, Then bless his dear chil - dren where -

all min - ers do, Shut out from day light and dar - ling ones too
 those whom he loved, The great stone that crush'd him came down from a - bove.
 e'er they may be, And take him at last up to heav - en with Thee.

CHORUS
 The min - er is gone, we'll see him no more, God

be with the min - er, where - e'er he may roam; And may he be read - y, thy

call to o - bey, And look - ing to Je - sus, the on - ly true way.

I'm on the Sunny Side

35

C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGELE

C F

1. I've found the Sav - ior and I'm hap - py now in Him,
 2. I've left the wil - der - ness, I'm on the oth - er side,
 3. The pass - ing days bring man - y cares for me, I know,
 4. Broth - er, so wea - ry hear the Sav - ior call - ing thee,

G7 C

I'm on the sun - ny side of life; He gives me vic - t'ry, I have
 I'm on the sun - ny side of life; Till Je - sus calls me home, in
 I'm on the sun - ny side of life; I praise the Lord, He keeps me
 Come on the sun - ny side of life; He will de - liv - er, He will

F G7 C

peace and joy with - in, I'm on the sun - ny side of life.
 Ca - naan I'll a - bide, I'm on the sun - ny side of life.
 whit - er than the snow, I'm on the sun - ny side of life.
 keep thee ev - 'ry day, Come on the sun - ny side of life.

CHORUS C F G7 C

I'm on the sun - ny side, I'm on the sun - ny side, I'm on the sun - ny side of life;

C F G7 C

I'm on the sun - ny side, I'm on the sun - ny side, I'm on the sun - ny side of life.

Where We'll Never Grow Old

J. C. M.

JAS. C. MOORE

Effectively

1. I have heard of a land on the far a - way strand, 'Tis a
 2. In that beau - ti - ful home where we'll nev - er more roam, We shall
 3. When our work here is done and the life - crown is won, And our

G

D

A7

D

beau - ti - ful home of the soul; Built by Je - sus on high, there we
 be in the sweet by and by; Hap - py praise to the King thro' e -
 trou - bles and tri - als are o'er; All our sor - row will end, and our

G

A7

D

nev - er shall die, 'Tis a land where we nev - er grow old.
 ter - ni - ty sing, 'Tis a land where we nev - er shall die.
 voic - es will blend, With the loved ones who've gone on be - fore.

REFRAIN



Nev - er grow old, Nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old;
 where we'll



Nev - er grow old, nev - er grow old, In a land where we'll nev - er grow old.
 where we'll

Hold Fast to the Right

G C G

1. Kneel down by the side of your moth - er, my boy, You have
 2. You leave us to seek your em - ploy - ment, my boy, By the
 3. I gave you to God in your era - dle, my boy, And I've
 4. You will find in your satch - el, a Bi - ble, my boy, It's the

Cho. Hold fast to the right, Hold fast to the right, Where -

mf

D G

on - ly a mo - ment I know, _____ But
 world you have yet to be tried, _____ But
 taught you the best that I knew, _____ And as
 book of all oth - ers the best, _____ It will
 ev - er your foot - steps may roam, _____ Oh for -

C G

stay till I give you this part - ing ad - vice, It is
 in the temp - ta - tions and tri - als you meet, May your
 long as His mer - cies per - mit me to live, I shall
 help you to live and pre - pare you to die, And will
 sake not the way of sal - va - tion my boy, That you

D G

all that I have to be - stow. _____
 heart to the Sav - ior con - fide. _____
 nev - er cease pray - ing for you. _____
 lead to the gates of the blest. _____
 learn'd from your moth - er at home. _____ Hold _____

1 2

If You Love Your Mother

By JAMES D. VAUGHAN

A D A

1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your own dear moth-er,
 2. Now the dear old home has lost its charms for you, One dear form is ab-sent,
 3. Leave the fields of sin and to the Sav-ior flee, He who saved dear moth-er,
 4. What a hap-py meet-ing o-ver in that land, When you meet your moth-er,

E7 A D A

slumb'ring 'neath the clay; O have you for-got-ten all her tears and sighs?
 moth-er kind and true; She is liv-ing now where pleas-ure nev-er dies,
 sure-ly will save thee; Give up all for Je-sus, make the sac-ri-fice,
 and the kin-dred band; There will be no part-ing, no more bit-ter cries,

A E7 A CHORUS

If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies. She is wait-ing for you

D A E7 A

in that hap-py home, Turn from sin's dark path-way, do not long-er roam; Give your heart to

D A E7 A

Je-sus, up-ward lift your eyes, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

I Dreamed I Searched Heaven For You

39

By JAMES D. VAUGHN

D

1. I dreamed I had gone to that cit-y, That cit-y where nev-er comes night, And I
 2. I searched on both sides of the riv-er, That flows thru the cit-y of God, I
 3. I asked of ten thou-sand sweet angels, You've seen this be-lov'd one pray tell, You've

G **D** **A7**

saw the bright an-gels in glo-ry, I saw the fair man-sions of light; I
 wan-dered thru man-sions ce-les-tial, Thru streets of gold pave-ment I trod; The
 met in the bright courts of heav-en, That one whom on earth we loved well; They

D

gazed for long years of rap-ture, On the face of my Sav-ior so true, And I
 fac-es of saints by the mil-lion, I scanned in my yearn-ing to see, That
 shook their heads sad-ly and told me, They nev-er had seen you and then, I

G **D** **A7** **D**

sang with the ser-a-phim ho-ly, Then I dream'd I search'd heav-en for you.—
 face I had cher-ish'd so fond-ly, The face that had grown dear to me.—
 knew that some-where in the dark-ness, You wan-dered there lost in sin.—

D **A7**

I dreamed I search'd heav-en for you, Search'd vain-ly in heav-en for you; Oh

D **A7** **D**

won't you pre-pare to meet me up there, Lest we should search heav-en for you.

I Heard My Mother Call My Name in Prayer

E. M. B.

E. M. BARTLETT

1. While kneel-ing by her bed-side on the cot-tage on the hill, My
 2. She was an-xious for her boy to be just what he ought to be And she
 3. How my heart was touch'd and ten-dered by the pray'r that moth-er pray'd! I can
 4. Then I gave my heart to Je-sus and am liv-ing now for Him And some

moth-er pray'd her bless-ing on me there; She was talk-ing then to Je-sus
 asked the Lord to take him in His care; Just the words I can't re-mem-ber
 al-most see her form now kneel-ing there As she told the Lord and Sav-ior
 day I'll go to meet Him in the air; For He heard my moth-er pray-ing

while ev-'ry-thing was still, And I heard my moth-er call my name in pray'r.
 but I know she pray'd for me For I heard my moth-er call my name in pray'r.
 just how far from Him I stray'd, Yes, I heard my moth-er call my name in pray'r.
 and has saved my soul from sin Yes, He heard my moth-er call my name in pray'r.

D.S. and He saved my soul from sin For He heard my moth-er call my name in pray'r.

REFRAIN

Yes I heard my moth-er call my name in pray'r, She was
 pour-ing out her heart to Je-sus there, Then I gave my heart to Him

D.S.

You Can't Do Wrong and Get By

41

L.A.E.

LETHAL A. ELLIS

1. There's a God who's stand - ing at heav - en's door. He's look - ing this un - i - verse o'er; And he
 2. Out in - to the dark-ness you a - lone may go, And seed for the wick-ed one sow; There's an
 3. Yes he knows your se - crets, ev - 'ry thing you do, He knows that your life is un - true; You can

sees each mor - tal with a search - ing eye, You can't do wrong and get by.
 eye that's watch - ing from the throne on high, You can't do wrong and get by.
 ne'er de - ceive Him there's no use to try, You can't do wrong and get by.

CHORUS

You can't do wrong and get by No mat - ter how hard you may try; Noth - ing
 hid - den can be, ev - 'ry - thing he doth see You can't do wrong and get by.

Jesus Loves Me

ANNA B. WARNER

Wm. B. BRADBURY

1. Je - sus loves me this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to
 2. Je - sus loves me He who died, Hea - ven's gate to op - en wide: He will wash a -

CHORUS

Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong. Yes, Je - sus loves me
 way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

I Want to Do Something for Jesus

J. M. HENSON

A. P. BLAND

1. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, While here in this wide world I roam. I
 2. I want to be true to the Mas - ter, That oth - ers may look to Him too. I
 3. I want to keep tell - ing the sto - ry, Till Na - tions shall all look a - bove. I

want to tell oth - ers the sto - ry, Of Heav - en my won - der - ful home.
 want ev - 'ry - bod - y to know Him, I want to do some-thing, I do.
 want to do some-thing for Je - sus, That I may a - bide in His love.

CHORUS

I want to do some-thing to - day, For all who are go - ing a - stray, I'll

tell of His glo - ry, oh, won - der - ful sto - ry, I want to do some-thing to - day.

Asher Sizemore, Owner

Gathering Buds

JAMES ROWE

JAMES D. VAUGHN

1. Je - sus has tak - en a beau - ti - ful bud, Out of the gar - den of love,
 2. Full bloom - ing flow - ers a - lone will not do, Some must be young and un - grown.
 3. Fa - thers and Moth - ers weep not and be sad, Still in the Sav - ior re - ly.
 4. Bloom - ing in beau - ty in heav - en they are, Bloom - ing for you and for me.

Borne it a - way to the cit - y of God, Home of the an - gels a - bove.
 So the frail bud He is gath - er - ing too. Beau - ti - ful gems of His throne.
 You shall be - hold them a - gain and be glad. Beau - ti - ful flow - ers on high.
 Fol - low the Lord, tho' the cit - y be far, Till our bright blos - soms we see.

D.S. Je - sus is gath - er - ing day af - ter day, Buds for the Pal - ace of heav'n.

CHORUS

Gath - er - ing buds. gath - er - ing buds, Won - der - ful care will be giv'n.

James D. Vaughn, Owner, Lawrenceburg, Tenn. Used by permission

Shake Hands With Mother Again

43

Moderato

By W. A. BERRY

1. If I should be liv - ing when Je - sus comes, And could know the day and the hour I'd
2. I'd like to say, "Moth - er, this is your boy, You left when you went a - way
3. There's com - ing a time when I can go To meet my loved ones up there
4. There'll be no more sor - row or pain to bear In that home be - yond the sky

like to be stand - ing at moth - er's tomb, When Je - sus comes in His pow'r. —
 Now my dear moth - er it gives me great joy, To see you a - gain to day" —
 I can see Je - sus up - on His throne, In that bright cit - y so fair. —
 Glo - ri - ous tho't when we all get there, We nev - er will say good - bye. —

'Twill be a won - der - ful hap - py day, Up there on the gold - en strand — When

I can hear Je - sus, my Sav - ior, say, "Shake hands with moth - er a - gain" — 'Twill gain" —

Travel Life's Path With A Smile

Words and Music by
ASHER SIZEMORE

1. While you're drift - ing a - long down life's path - way, — And the
 2. If the blue of the night dims your path - way, — And you
 3. When you come to the end of life's jour - ney, — And you've

clouds seem to dark - en each mile; — Ev - 'ry day will be brighter, And your
 feel you must rest for a while; — Raise your eyes to the sky, — Let your
 trav - el'd the last wear - y mile; — What a glo - ri - ous day, — When you'll

heart will seem lighter, If you'll trav - el life's path with a smile. —
 cares pass you by, — And trav - el life's path with a smile. —
 hear Je - sus say, — You've trav - el'd life's path with a smile. —

CHORUS

If you'll trav - el life's path with a smile, — The jour - ney will

seem more worth while, — It will ban - ish your sor - row for a

bright - er to - mor - row; If you'll trav - el life's path with a smile. —

Beautiful Beckoning Hands

45
Words and Music by
C. C. LUTHER

1. Beau-ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night. Fac - es all shin-ing with ra - di - ant light.
2. Beau-ti - ful hands of a mo-ther whose love Sac - ri - ficed life her de - vo-tion to prove;
3. Beau-ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Bab - y voice call-ing oh, mo-ther, for thee;
4. Bright-est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen-ter of all and the theme of their song,

Eyes look-ing down from that heav-en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck-on - ing "Come."
Hands of a fa - ther to mem-or - y dear, Beck-on up high-er the wait-ing ones here.
Ros - y cheek'd dar-ling, the light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly is beck-on - ing "Come."
Je - sus, our Sav-ior, the pierc-ed one stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck-on - ing hands.

CHORUS

Beau - ti - ful hands, beck - on - ing hands. Call - ing the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;
Beau - ti - ful hands, beck - on - ing hands, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful beck - on - ing hands.

Jesus Bids Us Shine

By E. O. EXCELL




1. Je-sus bids us shine, With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle can-dle Burn-ing in the night;
2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for him, Well he sees and knows it, If our light is dim;
3. Je-sus bids us shine, As we work for him, Load-ing those who wan-der, From the paths of sin;

In this world of dark-ness, We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
He looks down from heav-en, Sees us shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
He will ev - en help us, If we shine, You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.


Jesus Will Miss You

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN


J. M. HENSON






1. If you are lost and miss heav-en at last, In out-er dark-ness your
 2. Je - sus will save you if you will be - lieve, Ev - 'ry trans-gres-sion will
 3. Turn-ing a - way from the Sav-ior and Friend, You may go hope - less - ly




soul shall be cast; If you must pass to the re - gions be - low,
 free - ly for - give; In - fi - nite love is pre - par - ing a place,
 on to the end; How can you grieve one who cares for you so,











CHORUS

Je - sus will miss you I know. _____
 For all who trust in God's grace. _____ Je - sus will miss you,
 Je - sus will miss you I know. _____



Je - sus will miss you, Je - sus will miss you I

know. If to the realms of the lost you shall go, Je - sus will miss you I know.

How Beautiful Heaven Must Be

Words and Music by
Mrs. A. S. BRIDGEWATER
and A. P. BLAND

47

Moderato

1. We read of a place that's called heav - en, It's made for the pure and the free — These
2. In heav - en no droop - ing or pin - ing, No wish - ing for else - where to be — Gods
3. Pure wa - ters of life there are flow - ing, And all who will drink may be free — Rare
4. The an - gels so sweet - ly are sing - ing, Up there by the beau - ti - ful sea — Sweet

truths in God's word He hath giv - en, How beau - ti - ful Heav - en must be. _____
light is for - ev - er there shin - ing, How beau - ti - ful Heav - en must be. _____
jew - els of splen - dor are glow - ing, How beau - ti - ful Heav - en must be. _____
chords from their gold harps are ring - ing, How beau - ti - ful Heav - en must be. _____

How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be — Sweet home of the hap - py and free — Fair

ha - ven of rest for the wea - ry, How beau - ti - ful heav - en must be. — How be. —



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

